

(1)

THE
HERMIT,

BY
Mr. PARNELL.

THE
MESSIAH,

BY
Mr. POPE.

AND TWO
DIVINE ODES

BY
Mr. ADDISON.

TO WHICH IS ADDED
THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES

EDINBURGH:

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M D C C L I.



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T H E
H E R M I T.

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend HERMIT grew;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,
 Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd heav'n itself, 'till one suggestion rose,
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey:
 This sprung some doubt of providence's sway:
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenure of his soul is lost.
 So, when a smooth expanse receives impress,
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast;

Down

Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow :
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books, or swains, report it right :
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His rayment decent, his complexion fair ;
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cry'd ;
 And, hail ! my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd :

Words

Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road,
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm, in ivy bound;
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk in the sun, the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose;
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd, the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: The liv'ry'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and filk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the *Zephyrs* play :
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests obedient to the call ;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo :
His *cup* was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who 'spies a serpent in his way,
Glistning and basking in the summer-ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the fire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.
He stopt with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :

Murm'ring

Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud a-crofs the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and gripping, caus'd a desert there.

As near the *miser's* heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble light'ning mixt with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair ;

One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
 And nature's fervour thro' their limbs recalls;
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring HERMIT view'd,
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
 And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
 Lock the the lost wealth, a thousand want beside?
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
 In ev'ry settling feature of his face!
 When from his vest the young companion bore
 That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
 And paid profusely with the precious bowl
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly,
 The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, clear the day:
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While

While hence they walk, the PILGRIM'S bosom
wrought,

With all the travail of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear,
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky, }
Again the wand'ers want a place to ly, }
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great ;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
'Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :
" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
" To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
" From him you come, for him accept it here,

A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed:
 When the grave household round his hall repair,
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

— At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
 Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose;
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
 Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
 And writh'd his neck; the landlord's little pride,
 O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
 Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
 How look'd our hermit when the fact was done!
 Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

— Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.
 His steps the youth pursues. The country lay
 Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
 A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trode before.
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,

And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in.
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
 Wild, sparkling rage inflames the fathers eyes ;
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch——but scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,

(The

(The voice of musick ravish'd as he spoke.)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down, to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends,
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more sur-
prize,
Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes

Ye

Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning-draughts of wine ;
Has, with the *cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The *mean, suspicious wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wandring poor ;
With him I left the *cup* to teach his mind,
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.

To

To what excesses had his dotage run ?

But God, to save the father, took the son.

To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,

(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)

The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,

Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,

Had that false *servant* sped in safety back ?

This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,

And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind ; this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew ;
The sage stood wond'ring as the *seraph* flew.

Thus look'd *Elisha*, when, to mount on high,

His master took the chariot of the sky :

The fiery pomp ascending, left the view ;

The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending HERMIT here a pray'r begun,

Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done :

Then gladly turning, sought his antient place,

And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

M E S S I A H:

A

S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

YE nymphs of *Solyia* ! begin the song :
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong,
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of *Pindus* and th' *Aonian* maids,
Delight no more ——— O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd *Isaiah*'s hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son !

FROM

From ^a *Jesse's* root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies,
 Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystick dove.
 Ye ^b heav'ns from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
 The ^c sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail,
 Returning ^d Justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

Swift

^a ISAIAH xi. 1. And the storm, a shadow from there shall come forth a rod the heat, when the blast of out of the stem of Jesse, the terrible ones is as a and a branch shall grow out storm against the wall. of his roots.

^b Chap. xlv. 8. Drop increase of his government down, ye heavens, from a and peace there shall be no above, and let the skies pour end, upon the throne of down righteousness. David and upon his kingdom.

^c Chap. xxv. 4. For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy establish it with judgment and with justice, from hence forth even for ever. in his distress, a refuge from

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born ;
 See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring :
 See lofty ^e *Lebanon* his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly *Saron* rise,
 And *Carmel's* flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice, the lonely desert chears,
 Prepare the ^f way ! a G O D, a G O D appears !
 A G O D, a G O D ! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo ! earth receives him from the bending skies :
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise !
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay !

C

Be

^e Chap. xxxv. 2. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoyce even with joy and singing, the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

^f Chap. xl. 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low ; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain

Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way !
 The SAVIOUR comes, by ancient bards foretold ;
 Hear ^s him, ye deaf, and all ye blind behold !
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
 Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new musick charm th' unfolding ear ;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear :
 In ^h adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As

^s Chap. xlii. 18. Hear, break out, and streams in
 ye deaf, and look, ye blind, the desert.
 that ye may see.

^h Chap. xxv. 8. He will
 Chap. xxxv. 5, 6. Then swallow up death in victory,
 the eyes of the blind shall and the Lord God will wipe
 be opened, and the ears of away all tears from off all
 the deaf shall be unstopped ; faces ; and the rebuke of
 then shall the lame man leap his people shall be taken a-
 as an hart, and the tongue way from off all the earth,
 of the dumb sing ; for in for the Lord hath spoken
 the wilderness shall waters it,

As the good ¹ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms :
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd ^k Father of the future age.
 No more shall ¹ nation against nation rise,
 Or ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Or fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plow-share end.

C 2

Then

¹ Chap. xl. 11. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd ; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

^k Chap. ix. 6.—And his Name shall be called, The EVERLASTING FATHER.

¹ Chap. ii. 4. And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people ; and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks ; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful ^m son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ⁿ desarts with surprize
 See lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

Waste

^m Chap. lxxv. 21, 22.
 And they shall build houses,
 and inhabit them ; and they
 shall plant vineyards, and
 eat the fruit of them.—They
 shall not build, and another
 inhabit ; they shall not plant,
 and another eat : for as the
 days of a tree are the days
 of my people, and mine e-
 lect shall long enjoy the
 work of their hands.

ⁿ Chap. xxxv. 1, 7. The
 wilderness and the solitary
 place shall be glad for them ;
 and the desert shall rejoice,
 and blossom as the rose.—
 And the parched ground
 shall become a pool, and
 the thirsty land springs of
 water ; in the habitation of
 dragons, where each lay,
 shall be grass with reeds
 and rushes.

Waste sandy ° valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;

To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,

And o'drous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The ♀ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
mead,

And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;

The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,

And harmless ¹ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.

The

° Chap. xli. 19. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the Shittah-tree, and the myrtle, and the oyle-tree: I will set in the desert the fir-tree, and the pine, and the box-tree together.

Chap. lv. 13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

♂ Chap. xi. 6, 7, 8. The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall ly down with the kid,

and the calf and the young lion and the fating together, and a little child shall lead them.—And the cow and the bear shall feed, their young ones shall ly down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox.—And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice-den.

¹ Chap. lxxv. 25. The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock; and dust shall be the serpent's meat.

The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue and pointless sting
shall play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial † *Salem* rise !
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes !
See, a long † race thy spacious courts adorn ;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crouding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
See barb'rous † nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,

And

* Chap. ix. 1. Arise, thy sons shall come from
shine, for thy light is come, far, and thy daughters shall
and the glory of the Lord be nursed at thy side.
is risen upon thee.

^s Ver. 4. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see; all they gather themselves together, they come to thee;

^t Ver. 3. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising.

And heap'd with products of ^u *Sabæan* springs !
 For thee *Idume*'s spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in *Ophir*'s mountains glow.
 See heav'n in sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !
 No more the rising ^w sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning *Cynthia* fill her silver horn,
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts : The Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and G O D's eternal day be thine !

The

^u Ver. 6. The multitude of camels shall cover thee ; the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah ; all they from Sheba shall come ; they shall bring gold and incense, and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord. nefs shall the moon give light unto thee : but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.—Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself ; for the Lord

^w Ver. 19, 20. The sun shall be no more thy light by day, neither for bright- shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.

'The * seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

* Chap. li. 6. Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath ; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment, and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner ; but my salvation shall be for ever, and my righteousness shall not be abolished.

Chap. liv. 10. For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

A
D I V I N E O D E.

I.

W H E N all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise :

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hang upon the breast.

D

IV.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe
 And led me up to man ;

VII.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And through the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

VIII.

VIII.

When worn with sickness oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face,
 And when in sins and sorrows sunk
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Has made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a chearful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

XI.

Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death in distant worlds
 The glorious theme renew,

XII.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

E

In

Thro'

A
DIVINE ODE,
BY A
GENTLEMAN
ON THE
CONCLUSION
OF HIS
TRAVELS.

I.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,

Their help, omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,

Supported by thy care,

Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,

And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
 Made ev'ry region please :
 The hoary *Alpine* hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the *Tyrrhene* seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise !

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart ;
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung,
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, if death must be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

THE

✓
THE HYMN OF I CLEANTHES.

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd!
Divinity supreme! all-potent Lord!
Author of nature! whose unbounded sway
And legislative pow'r all things obey!
Majestick *Jove*! all hail! to thee belong
The suppliant pray'r, and tributary song:
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great Sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wondrous pow'r for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandring fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
Such is the awe impress'd on nature round!
When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound,
Those flaming agents of thy matchless pow'r:
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.

I CLEANTHES, the author of this hymn, was a
Stoick philosopher, a disciple of Zeno.

Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
 Ruling that reason which thro' all convey'd
 Informs this gen'ral mass, Thou reign'st ador'd,
 Supreme, unbounded, universal Lord.

For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
 Nor yon ætherial pole, the seat of gods,
 Is ought perform'd without thy aid divine;
 Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty *Jove*, are thine!
 Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
 And in the shoreless sea of folly lost.

But Thou, what vice disorders, canst compose;
 And profit by the malice of thy foes;
 So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
 As thence to model one harmonious whole:
 One universal law of truth and right;

But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
 And, tho' to bliss directing still their choice,
 Hear not, or heed not reason's sacred voice,
 That common guide ordain'd to point the road
 That leads obedient man to solid good,
 Thence quitting virtue's lovely paths they rove,
 As various objects various passions move.

Some

Some thro' opposing crowds and threatening war
Seek pow'r's bright throne, and fame's triumphant
carr.

Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:
While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great Father thunder-ruling God!
Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
Do Thou from ignorance mankind defend
The clouds of vice and folly, O controul;
And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
Those radiant beams, by whose all-peircing flame
Thy justice rules this universal Frame.
That honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may essay thy goodness to requite
With honorary songs, and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious works with ceaseless praise,
The proper task of man: and sure to sing
Of nature's laws, and nature's mighty king
Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The subject may transport a breast divine.

